

"I'll ream out your colon, and people will think you're a rotten-apple-on-a-stick."

There was a silence. Then the fat man sighed. "Look, we're both wrong. Let's call this a draw. Forgive and forget. Ok?"

The pool cue smiled. "Ya know, if you hadn't said it, I was going to."

The two strolled outside, cue cradled in fat palm.

"Pals again?" the cue asked, watching for a truck to throw the fat man in front of.

"You bet!" the fat man said, sidling toward an incinerator which had winked at him that very afternoon.

#### SUMMER-SWITCH

I'm slogging through brown snow under a trashcan-gray sky, and there's this one dry little twig sticking out of a telephone pole and I push it down to try and break it off and suddenly summer runs up like a girl in a blue bikini chasing an orange beachball which stops right by my feet. And leaves and flowers and bumble bees are all at once there. And two boys in baseball hats whip by on their bikes. And my nose stops running.

I'm standing in the grass trying to figure all this out, still twisting the twig absentmindedly, when it pulls off and winter comes crashing back down.

-- Charles Webb

Seattle WA

#### 30 DAYS AT HARD LABOR

First we throw our timepieces away. At the first dawn we are expected to hold all our rejoicing in our breasts. By sunset we must carry all our losses. At night we are forbidden to weep. They say the days get longer here, and that you never quite get used to it.